Thou hast cald me all these bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why so I did, but look for no reply;
O let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curse against your selfe.
Qu.Ma. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my fortune
Why strewst thou sugar one that botled spider,
Whose deadly web intrapeth thee about?
Foole foole thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse that poysoned bunch backt toade,
Hast. False boding woman, end thy frantick curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine
Ri. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty
Qu.Ma. To serue me well, you should doe me duty,
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my subiects:
Obserue me well and teach your selues that dutie.
Dorf. Dispute not with her she is lunatique.
Qu.Ma. Peace master Marquesse, you are malaperr,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce current:
O that your young nobility could iudge,
What t'were to loose it and be miserable?
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash them to peeces.
Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques,
Dorf. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.
Qu.Ma. And turnes the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,
Witnes my sunne now in the shade of death,
Whose bright ou shining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkenesse foulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries neast.
O God that seest it, doe not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so.
Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charity.
Qu.M. Vrge neither charity nor shame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you
And shamefully by you my hop
My charity is outrage, life my sha
And in my shame shall liue my
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingh*
In signe of league and amity wit
Now fare befall thee and thy Pri
Thy garments are not spotted w
Nor thou within the compasse o
Buck. Nor none heere for cur
The lips of them that breath then
Qu.Mar Ile not beleeue but th
And there awake Gods gentle sle
O *Buckingham* beware of yond
Looke when he faunes he bites, a
His venome tooth will rankle the
Haue not to doe with him, bewa
Sinne, death, and hell haue set th
And all their ministers attend on
Glo. What doth she say my Lo
Buck Nothing that I respect m
Qu Mar. What dost thou sco
And sooth the deuill that I warn
O but remember this another da
When he shall split thy very hear
And say poore *Margret* was a
Liue each of you, the subiect of h
And he to you, and all of you to
Hast. My haire doth stand an e
Riu. And so doth mine, I wo
Glo. I cannot blame her by G
She hath had too much wrong, a
My part thereof that I haue done
Hast. I neuer did her any to
Glo. But you haue all the vant
I was too hot to doe some body
That is to cold in thinking one
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well